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AND

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### THE LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE INQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND  
SYMPATHISE WITH ALL.

#### A DUSTY DAY.

Among the "Miseries of Human Life," as a wit pleasantly entitled them, there are few, while the rascal is about it, worse than a Great Cloud of Dust, coming upon you in street or road, you having no means of escape, and the carriages, or flock of sheep, evidently being bent on imparting to you a full share of their besetting horror. The road is too narrow to leave you a choice, even if it had two pathways; which it has not:—the day is hot; the wind is whisking; you have come out in stockings instead of boots, not being aware that you were occasionally to have two feet depth of dust to walk in:—*now*, now the dust is on you,—you are enveloped,—you are blind; you have to hold your hat on against the wind; the carriages grind by, or the sheep go pattering along, basing through all the notes of their poor gamut; perhaps carriages and sheep are together, the latter eschewing the horses' legs, and the shepherd's dog driving against your own, and careering over the woolly backs:—*Whew!* what a dusting! What a blinding! What a whirl! The noise decreases; you stop; you look about you; gathering up your hat, coat, and faculties, after apologising to the gentleman against whom you have "lumped," and who does not look a bit the happier for your apology. The dust is in your eyes, in your hair, in your shoes and stockings, in your neck-cloth, in your mouth. You grind your teeth in dismay, and find them gritty.

Perhaps another carriage is coming; and you, finding yourself in the middle of the road, and being resolved to be master of, at least, this inferior horror, turn about towards the wall or paling, and propose to make your way accordingly, and have the dust behind your back instead of in front; when lo! you begin sneezing, and cannot see. You have taken involuntary snuff.

Or you suddenly discern a street, down which you can turn, which you do with rapture, thinking to get out of wind and dust at once; when, unfortunately, you discover that the wind is veering to all points of the compass, and that instead of avoiding the dust, there is a ready-made and intense collection of it, then in the act of being swept into your eyes by the attendants on a—dust-cart!

The reader knows what sort of a day we speak of. It is all dusty;—the windows are dusty; the people are dusty; the hedges in the roads are horribly dusty,—pitifully,—you think they must feel it; shoes and boots are like a baker's; men on horseback eat and drink dust; coachmen sit screwing up their eyes; the gardener finds his spade slip into the ground, fetching up smooth portions of earth, all made of dust. What is the poor pedestrian to do?

To think of something superior to the dust,—whether grave or gay. This is the secret of being master of any ordinary, and of much extraordinary, trouble:—bring a better idea upon it, and it is hard if the greater thought does not do something against the less. When we meet with any very unpleasant person, to whose ways we cannot suddenly reconcile

ourselves, we think of some delightful friend, perhaps two hundred miles off,—in Northumberland, or in Wales. When dust threatens to blind us, we shut our eyes to the disaster, and contrive to philosophize a bit, even then.

"Oh, but it is not worth while doing that."

Good. If so, there is nothing to do but to be as jovial as the dust itself, and take all gaily. Indeed, this is the philosophy we speak of.

"And yet the dust is annoying too."

Well—take then just as much good sense as you require for the occasion. Think of a jest; think of a bit of verse; think of the dog you saw just now, coming out of the pond, and frightening the dandy in his new trousers. But at all events don't let your temper be mastered by such a thing as a cloud of dust. It will show, either that you have a very infirm temper indeed, or no ideas in your head.

On all occasions in life, great or small, you may be the worse for them, or the better. You may be made the weaker or the stronger by them; aye, even by so small a thing as a little dust.

When the famous Arbuthnot was getting into his carriage one day, he was beset with dust. What did he do? Damn the dust, or the coachman? No; that was not his fashion. He was a wit, and a good-natured man; so he fell to making an epigram, which he sent to his friends. It was founded on scientific knowledge, and consisted of the following pleasant exaggeration:—

#### ON A DUSTY DAY.

The dust in smaller particles arose,  
Than those which fluid bodies do compose.  
Contraries in extremes do often meet;  
*It was so dry, that you might call it wet.*

Dust at a distance sometimes takes a burnished or tawny aspect in the sun, almost as handsome as the great yellow smoke out of breweries; and you may amuse your fancy with thinking of the clouds that preceded armies in the old books of poetry,—the spears gleaming out,—the noise of the throng growing on the ear,—and, at length, horses emerging, and helmets, and flags,—the Lion of King Richard, or the Lilies of France.

Or you may think of some better and more harmless palm of victory, "not without dust" (*palma non sine pulvere*); dust, such as Horace says the horse-men of antiquity liked to kick up at the Olympic games, or as he more elegantly phrases it, "collect" (*collegisse juvat*);—which a punster of our acquaintance translated, "kicking up a dust at college"; or if you are in a very philosophic vein indeed, you may think of man's derivation from dust, and his return to it, redeeming your thoughts from gloom by the hopes beyond dust, and by the graces which poetry and the affections have shed upon it in this life, like flowers upon graves,—lamenting with the tender Petrarch, that "those eyes of which he spoke so warmly," and that golden hair, and "the lightning of that angel smile," and all those other beauties which made him a lover "marked out from among men,"—a being abstracted "from the rest of his species,"—are now "a little dust, without a feeling"—

"*Poea polvere son che nulla sente*"—

or repeating that beautiful lyric of the last of the

Shakspearian men, Shirley, which they say touched even the thoughtless bosom of Charles the Second:—

#### DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.

The glories of our blood and state  
Are shadows, not substantial things:  
There is no armour against fate;  
*Death lays his icy hand on kings:*  
Sceptre and crown  
Must tumble down,  
And in the dust be equal made  
*With the poor crooked scythe and spade.*

Some men with swords may reap the field  
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;  
But their strong nerves at last must yield,  
*They tame but one another still.*  
Early or late  
They stoop to fate,  
And must give up their murmuring breath,  
*When they, pale captives, creep to death.*

The garlands wither on your brow,  
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;  
Upon death's purple altar now  
See where the victor-victim bleeds:  
All heads must come  
To the cold tomb:  
*Only the actions of the just  
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.\**

Most true;—but with the leave of the fine poet (which he would gladly have conceded to us), Death's conquest is not "final;" for Heaven triumphs over him, and Love too, and Poetry; and thus we can get through the cloud even of his dust, and shake it, in aspiration, from our wings. Besides, we know not, with any exactitude, what, or who, Death is, or whether there is any such personage, even in his negative sense, except inasmuch as he is a gentle voice, calling upon us to go some journey; for the very dust that he is supposed to deal in, is alive; is the cradle of other beings and vegetation; nay, its least particle belongs to a mighty life;—is planetary,—is part of our star,—is the stuff of which the worlds are made, that roll and rejoice round the sun.

Of these or the like reflections, serious or otherwise, are the cogitations of the true pedestrian composed;—such are the weapons with which he triumphs over the most hostile of his clouds, whether material or metaphorical; and, at the end of his dusty walk, he beholdeth, in beautiful perspective, the towel, and the basin and water, with which he will render his eyes, cheeks, and faculties, as cool and fresh, as if no dust had touched them; nay, more so, for the contrast. Never forget that secret of the reconcilements of this life: to sit down, newly washed and dressed, after a dusty journey, and hear that dinner is to be ready "in ten minutes," is a satisfaction—a crowning and "measureless content"—which we hope no one will enjoy who does not allow fair play between the harmless lights and shadows of existence, and treat his dust with respect. We defy him to enjoy it, at any rate, like those who do. His ill-temper, somehow or other, will rise in retribution against him, and find dust on his saddle of mutton.

\* See p. 76 of the first volume of 'Songs of England and Scotland,' edited by Mr Cunningham, jun.; a welcome book, and of hereditary promise. But it might have been much improved. We ought to have had more of Sedley, Suckling, Herrick, and others, and a great deal more of Beaumont and Fletcher (the truest lyrists in the language), and other old dramatists; also more of Dibdin, Barry Cornwall, and various writers "about town" in the last century. There is even no O'Keefe,—a great omission in a song-book. His muse was as fresh as a dairymaid.

CHARACTERISTIC SPECIMENS OF  
THE ENGLISH POETS.

NO. IV.—CHAUCER (CONTINUED.)

## STORY OF GRISELDA.

THE famous story of Griselda, or Patient Grisel, who supposes her husband to kill her children and to dismiss her finally from his bed under circumstances of the greatest outrage, and yet behaves meekly under all, was not long since the most popular story in Europe, and still deeply affects us. Writers have asserted that there actually was some such person. In vain has the husband been pronounced a monster, and the story impossible. In vain have critics in subsequent time, not giving sufficient heed to the difference between civilized and feudal ages, or to the beauties with which the narrative has been mingled, declared it to be no better than the sight of a "torment on the rack." The story has had shoals of narrators, particularly in old France, and been repeated and dwelt upon by the greatest and tenderest geniuses,—Boccaccio, Petrarch, and Chaucer. The whole heart of Christendom has embraced the heroine. She has passed into a proverb; ladies of quality have called their children after her, the name surviving (we believe) among them to this day, in spite of its *grisely* sound; and we defy the manliest man, of any feeling, to read it in Chaucer's own consecutive stanzas (whatever he may do here) without feeling his eyes moisten.

How is this to be accounted for? The husband is perfectly monstrous and unnatural;—there can be no doubt of that;—he pursues his trial of his wife's patience for twelve years, and she is supposed to love as well as to obey him all the time,—him, the murderer of her children! This, also, is unnatural,—impossible. A year, a month, a week, would have been bad enough. The lie was bad in itself. And yet, in spite of that utter renouncement of the fiction, to which civilization finally brings us, we feel for the invincibly obedient creature; we are deeply interested; we acknowledge instinctively, that the story had a right to its fame; nay (not to speak it profanely), that like other permanent and popular stories, of a solemn cast, it is a sort of revelation in its way, at once startling us with contrasts of good and evil, and ending in filling us with hope and exaltation. How is this?

The secret is, that a principle—the sense of duty—its set up in it above all considerations;—that the duty, once believed in by a good and humble nature, is exalted by it, in consequence of its very torments, above all torment, and all weakness. We are not expected to copy it, much less to approve or be blind to the hard-heartedness that fetches it out; but the blow is struck loudly in the ears of mankind, in order that they may think of duty itself, and draw their own conclusions in favour of their own sense of it, when they see what marvellous effect it can have even in its utmost extravagance, and how unable we are to help respecting it, in proportion to the very depth of its self-abasement. We feel that the same woman could have gone through any trial which she thought becoming a woman, of a kind such as we should all admire in the wisest and justest ages. We feel even her weakness to be her strength, —one of the wonderfulest privileges of virtue.

We are travelling, at present, far out of the proposed design of these specimens, which were intended to consist of little more than extracts, and the briefest possible summary of the author's characteristics. But the reader will pardon an occasional yielding to temptations like these. Our present number shall consist of as brief a sketch as we can give, of the successive incidents of Chaucer's story, which are managed with a skill exquisite as the feeling; and whenever we come to an irresistible Specimen, it shall be extracted.

At Saluzzo in Piedmont, under the Alps,

Down at the root of Vesulus the cold,  
there reigned a feudal lord, a Marquis, who was beloved by his people, but too much given to his amusement, and an enemy of marriage; which alarmed them lest he should die childless, and leave his in-

heritance in the hands of strangers. They therefore, at last, sent him a deputation which addressed him on the subject, and he agreed to take a wife, on condition that they should respect his choice, where-soever it might fall.

Now among the poorest of the Marquis's people

There dwelt a man  
Which that was holden poorest of them all,  
But highé God somtime senden can  
His grace unto a little ox's stall;  
Janicola, men of that thorp him call:  
A daughter had he fair enough to sight,  
And Grisildis this youngé maiden hight.

Tender of age was "Grisildis" or "Grisilda" (for the poet calls her both) but she was a maiden of a thoughtful and steady nature, and as excellent a daughter as could be, thinking of nothing but her sheep, her spinning, and her "old poor father," whom she supported by her labour, and waited upon with the greatest duty and obedience.

Upon Grisild, this pooré creature,  
Full often sith this marquis set his eye,  
As he on hunting rode paraventure;  
And when it fell that he might her espy,  
He not with wanton looking of folly  
His eyen cast on her, but in sad wise  
Upon her cheer he would him oft avise.

The Marquis announced to his people that he had chosen a wife, and the wedding-day arrived, but nobody saw the lady; at which there was great wonder. Clothes and jewels were prepared, and the feast too; and the Marquis, with a great retinue, and accompanied by music, took his way to the village where Griselda lived.

Griselda had heard of his coming, and said to herself, that she would get her work done faster than usual, on purpose to stand at the door, like other maidens, and see the sight; but just as she was going to look out, she heard the Marquis call her, and she set down a water-pot she had in her hand, and knelt down before him with her usual steady countenance.

The Marquis asked for her father, and going in doors to him, took him by the hand, and said, with many courteous words and leave-asking, that he had come to marry his daughter. The poor man turned red, and stood abashed and quaking, but begged his lord to do as seemed good to him; and then the Marquis asked Griselda if she would have him, and vow to obey him in all things, be they what they might; and she answered trembling, but in like manner; and he led her forth and presented her to the people as his wife.

The ladies, now Griselda's attendants, took off her old peasant's clothes, not much pleased to handle them, and dressed her anew in fine clothes, so that the people hardly knew her again for her beauty.

Her hairés have they comb'd that lay untressed  
Full ruddely, and with their fingers small  
A coroune on her head they have ydressed,  
And set her full of nouches, (1) great and small.  
Thus Walter lowly, nay but royally,  
Wedded with fortunate honesty,

and Griselda behaved so well, and discreetly, and behaved so kindly to everyone, making up disputes, and speaking such gentle and sensible words,

And couldé so the people's heart embrace,  
That each her lov'ly that looketh on her face.

In due time the Marchioness had a daughter, and the Marquis had always treated his consort well, and behaved like a man of sense and reflection; but now he informed her that his people were dissatisfied at his having raised her to be his wife; and, reminding her of her vow to obey him in all things, told her that she must agree to let him do with the little child whatsoever he pleased. Griselda kept her vow to the letter, not even changing countenance; and shortly afterwards an ill-looking fellow came, and took the child from her, intimating that he was to kill it. Griselda asked permission to kiss her child ere it died, and she took it in her bosom, and

1 Nouches—nuts?—buttons in that shape made of gold or jewellery?

blessed and kissed it with a sad face, and prayed the man to bury its "little body" in some place where the birds and beasts could not get it. But the man said nothing. He took the child and went his way; and the Marquis bade him carry it to the Countess of Pavia, his sister, with directions to bring it up in secret.

Griselda lived on, behaving like an excellent wife, and four years afterwards she had another child, a son, which the Marquis demanded of her, as he had done the daughter, laying his injunctions on her at the same time to be patient. Griselda said she would, adding, as a proof nevertheless what bitter feelings she had to control,

I have not had no part of children twain,  
But first, sickness; and after, woe and pain.

The same "ugly sergeant" now came again, and took away the second child, carrying it like the former to Bologna; and twelve years after, to the astonishment and indignation of the poet, and the people too, but making no alteration whatsoever in the obedience of the wife, the Marquis informs her, that his subjects are dissatisfied at his having her for a wife at all, and that he had got a dispensation from the Pope to marry another, for whom she must make way, and be divorced, and return home; adding insultingly, that she might take back with her the dowry which she brought him. Woefully, but ever patiently, does Griselda consent, not, however, without a tender exclamation at the difference between her marriage day and this; and as she receives the instruction about the dowry as a hint that she is to give up her fine clothes, and resume her old ones, which she says it would be impossible to find, she makes him the following exquisite prayer and remonstancé.—If we had to write for only a certain select set of readers, never should we think of bespeaking their due reverence for a passage like the following, and its simple, primitive, and most affecting thoughts and words. But a journal must accommodate itself to the chances of perusal in all quarters, either by alteration or explanation; and, therefore, in not altering any of these words, or daring to gainsay the sacred tenderness they bring before us, we must observe, that as there is not a more pathetic passage to be found in the whole circle of human writ, so the pathos and the pure words go inseparably together, and his is the most refined heart, educated or uneducated, that receives them with the delicatest and profoundest emotion.

"My Lord, ye wot that in my father's place  
Ye did me strip out of my pooré weed,

[How much, by the way, this old and more lengthened pronunciation of the word poor, pooré (French, pauvre), adds to the piteous emphasis of it.]

And richely ye elad me of your grace;  
To you brought I nought elles out of drede, (2)  
But faith, and nakedness, and 'womanhede';  
And here again your clothing I restore,  
And eke your wedding ring, for evermore.  
"The remnant of your jewels ready be  
Within your chamber, I dare it safely sain.  
Naked out of my father's house (quoth she)  
I came, and naked I must turn again.

[How beautifully is the Bible used here!]

All your pleasance would I follow fain;  
But yet I hope it be not your intent  
That I smocklès out of your palace went.  
"Ye could not do so dishonest a thing  
That thilké (3) womb, in which your children lay,  
Shouldé before the people in my walking  
Be seen all bare; wherefore, I you pray,  
LET ME NOT LIKE A WOMAN GO BY THE WAY:  
Remember you, mine owen Lord so dear,  
I was your wife, though I unworthy were.  
"Wherefore in guerdon of my 'womanhede,'  
Which that I brought and 'yet' again I bear,  
As vouchésafe to give me to my meed  
But such a smock as I was wont to wear,  
That I therewith may wrie (4) the womb of her  
That was your wife. And here I take my leave  
Of you, mine owen Lord, lest I you grieve."

"The smock," quoth he, "that thou hast on thy back,  
Let it be still, and bear it forth with thee."  
But well unnethés (5) thilké word he spake,

2 Out of drede—without doubt.

4 Wrie—cover.

3 Thilke—this.

5 Unnethés—scarcely.



But went his way for ruth and for pittie.  
Before the folk herselven strippeth she,  
In her smock, with foot and head all bare,  
Toward her father's house, forth is she fare.

The people follow her weeping and wailing, but she went ever as usual, with staid eyes, nor all the while did she speak a word. As to her poor father, he cursed the day he was born. And so with her father, for a space, dwelt "this flower of wifely patience," nor showed any sense of offence, nor remembrance of her high estate.

At length arrives news of the coming of the new Marchioness, with such array of pomp as had never been seen in all Lombardy; and the Marquis, who has, in the meantime, sent to Bologna for his son and daughter, once more desires Griselda to come to him, and tells her, that as he has not women enough in his household to wait upon his new wife, and set everything in order for her, he must request her to do it; which she does, with all ready obedience, and then goes forth with the rest, to meet the new lady. At dinner, the Marquis again calls her, and asks her what she thinks of his choice. She commends it heartily, and prays God to give him prosperity; only adding, that she hopes he will not try the nature of so young a creature as he tried hers, since she has been brought up more tenderly, and perhaps could not bear it.

And when this Walter saw her patience,  
Her gladdé cheer, and no malice at all,  
And he so often had her done offence,  
And she aye sad (6) and constant as a wall,  
Continuing aye her innocence over all,  
This sturdy marquis 'gan his heartéd dress  
To rue upon her wifely steadfastness.

He gathers her in his arms, and kisses her; but she takes no heed of it, out of astonishment, nor hears anything he says; upon which he exclaims, that as sure as Christ died for him, she is his wife, and he will have no other, nor ever had;—and with that, he introduces his supposed bride to her as her own daughter, with his son by her side; and Griselda, overcome at last, faints away.

When she this heard, aswooné down she falleth  
For piteous joy; and after her swooning  
She both her youngé children to her calleth,  
And in her armés, piteously weeping,  
Embraceth them, and tenderly kissing  
Full like a mother, with her salé tears  
She bathed both their visage and their hairs.

O, which a piteous thing it was to see  
Her swooning, and her humble voice to hear!  
"Grand mercy! Lord, God thank it you (quoth she)

That ye have savéd me my children dear:  
Now reck (7) I never to be dead right here,  
Since I stand in your love and in your grace,  
No force of death, (8) nor when my spirit pace.

"O tender, O dear, O youngé children mine!  
Your woful mother weened steadfastly  
That cruel houndés or some foul vermin  
Had eaten you; but God of his mercy  
And your benigné father tenderly  
Hath done you keep:—and in that samé stound  
All suddenly she swapp'd adown to ground.

And in her swoon so sadly holdeth she  
Her children two, when she 'gan them embrace,  
That with great sleight and great difficulty  
The children from her arm they 'gan arrace. (9)  
O! many a tear on many a piteous face  
Down ran of them that stooden her beside;  
Unnethe abouten her might they abide.

That is, they could scarcely remain to look at her, or stand still.—And so, with feasting and joy, ends this divine, cruel story of Patient Griselda; the happiness of which is superior to the pain, not only because it ends so well, but because there is ever present in it, like that of a saint in a picture, the sweet, sad face of the fortitude of woman.

6—Sad—composed in manner—unaltered.

7—Reck—care. 8. No force of death—no matter for death.

9—Arrace—(French, *arracher*) pluck.

—The worst mistake of morbid feelings is supposing one's own individual fate harder than any other in the world.—*The Wife*.

# ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

NO. LXXVII.—SANDY WRIGHT, AND THE PUIR ORPHA N.

(Abridged from Mr Miller's 'Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland.')

EARLY in the month of April 1734, three Cromarty boatmen, connected with the Custom house, were journeying along the miserable road which at this period winded along between the capital of the Highlands, and that of the kingdom. They had already travelled since morning more than thirty miles through the wild Highlands of Inverness-shire, and were now toiling along the steep side of an uninhabited valley of Badenoch.

The gloom of evening, deepened by a coming snow storm, was closing round them as they entered one of the wildest recesses of the valley, an immense precipitous hollow, scooped out of the side of one of the hills: the wind began to howl through the cliffs, and the thickening flakes of snow to beat against their faces. The house in which they were to pass the night was still ten miles away. "It will be a terrible night, lads, in the Moray frith," said the foremost traveller, a broad-shouldered, deep-chested, strong-looking man of about five feet eight; "I would ill like to hae to beat up through the drift along the rough shores of Cadboll. It was in just such a night as this, ten year ago, that old Walter Hogg went down in the Red Sally." "It will be as terrible a night, I'm feared, just where we are, in the black strath of Badenoch," said one of the men behind, who seemed much fatigued: "I wish we were a' safe in the clachan." "Hoot, man," said Sandy Wright, the first speaker, "it canna now be muckle mair nor sax miles afore us, an' we'll hae the tail of the gloamin for half an hour yet.—But gude save us! what's that?" he exclaimed, pointing to a little figure that seemed sitting by the side of the road, about twenty yards before him, "it's surely a fairy." The figure rose from its seat, and came up staggering, apparently from weakness, to meet them. It was a boy, scarcely more than ten years of age. "O, my puir boy," said Sandy Wright, "what can hae taken ye here in a night like this?" "I was going to Edinburgh to my friends," replied the boy: "for my mother died, and left me among the fremie: but I'm tired, tired, and canna walk farther; and I'll be lost, I'm feared, in the yowndrift." "That ye winna, my puir bairn, if I can help it," said the boatman; "g'ies a haud o' your han," grasping, as he spoke, the extended hand of the boy; "dinna tae heart, an' lean on me as muckle's ye can." But the poor little fellow was already exhausted, and after a vain attempt to proceed, the boatman had to carry him on his back. The storm burst out in all its fury, and the travellers half suffocated, and more than half blinded, had to grope onwards along through the rough road, still more roughened by the snow-wreaths that were gathering over it. They stopped at every fiercer blast, and turned their backs to the storm to recover breath; and every few yards they advanced, they had to stoop to the earth to ascertain the direction of their path, by catching the outline of the nearer objects between them and the sky. After many a stumble and fall, however, and many a groan and exclamation from the two boatmen behind, who were well nigh worn out, they all reached the clachan in safety, about two hours after nightfall.

The inmates were seated round an immense peat fire, placed, according to the custom of the country, in the middle of the floor. They made way for the travellers, and Sandy Wright, drawing his seat nearer the fire, began to chaff the hands and feet of the boy, who was almost insensible from cold and fatigue. "Bring us a mutchkin o' brandy here," said the boatman, "to drive out the cold fra our hearts; an' as the supper canna be ready for a while yet, get me a piece for the boy. He has had a narrow escape, puir little fellow: an' may be there's some that would miss him, lanely as he seems. Only hear how the win' roars on the gable, an' rattles at the winnocks and the door. O! it's an awfu' night in the Moray frith!"

Sandy Wright shared with the boy his supper and his bed, and on setting out the following morning, he brought him along with him, despite the remonstrances of the other boatmen, who dreaded his proving an incumbrance. The story of the little fellow, though simple, was very affecting. His mother, a poor widow, had lived, for the five preceeding years, in the vicinity of Inverness, supporting herself and her boy by her skill as a sempstress. As early as his sixth year, he had shown a predilection for reading; and with the anxious solicitude of a Scottish mother, she had wrought early and late to keep him at school. But her efforts were above her strength, and after a sore struggle of nearly four years, she at length sunk under them.

"One day," said the poor little boy, "when she was sick, two neighbour women came in, and she called me to her, and told me that when she should be dead, I would need to go to Edinburgh, for I had no friends anywhere else. Her own friends were there, she said, but they were poor, and couldna do ruckle for me; and my father's friends were there too, and th y were gran' and rich, though they

wadna' own her. She told me no to be feared by the way, for that Providence kent every bit o't, and that he would make folk be kind to me. I have letters to show me the way to my mither's friends when I reach the town, for I can read and write."

Throughout the whole of the journey, Sandy Wright was as a father to him. He shared with him his meals and his bed, and usually for the last half dozen miles of every stage, he carried him on his back. On reaching the Queensferry, however, the boatman found that his money was well nigh expended. I must just try and get him across, thought he, without paying the fare. Sandy Wright does so, with much difficulty. "An' now my boy," said he, as they reached the head of what is now Leith walk, "I hae business to do at the Custom-house, an' some money to get: but I must first try and find out your friends for ye. Look at your letters, and tell me the street an' the number where they put up."—The boy untied his little bundle, and named some place in the vicinity of the Grass-market, and in a few minutes they were both walking up the High street.

"O, yonder's my aunt," exclaimed the boy, to a young woman who was coming down the street, "yonder's my mither's sister:" and away he sprang to meet her. She immediately recognised and welcomed him, and he introduced the boatman to her, as the kind friend who had rescued him from the snow-storm and the ferryman. She related, in a few words, the story of the boy's parents. His father had been a dissipated young man, of good family, whose follies had separated him from his friends; and the difference he had rendered irreconcilable by marrying a low-born, but industrious and virtuous young woman, who, despite of her birth, was deserving of a better husband. "Two of his brothers," said the woman, "who are gentlemen of the law, were lately inquiring about the boy, and will, I hope, interest themselves in his behalf." In this hope the boatman cordially joined. "An' now, my boy," said he, as he bid him farewell, "I have just one groat left yet:—here it is; better in your pocket than wi' the gruff earle at the ferry. It's an honest groat, any how, an' I'm sure I wish it luck."

Eighteen years elapsed before Sandy Wright again visited Edinburgh. He had quitted it a robust, powerful man of forty-seven, and he returned to it a grey-headed old man of sixty-five. His humble fortunes too, were sadly in the wane. His son William, a gallant young fellow, who had risen in a few years on the score of merit alone, from the fore-castle to a lieutenantcy, had headed, under Admiral Vernon, some desperate enterprise, from which he never returned; and the boatman himself, when on the eve of retiring on a small pension from his long service in the custom-house, was dismissed without a shilling, on the charge of having connived at the escape of a smuggler. He was slightly acquainted with one of the inferior clerks in the Edinburgh custom-house, and in the slender hope that this person might use his influence in his behalf, and that that influence might prove powerful enough to get him reinstated, he had now travelled from Cromarty to Edinburgh, a weary journey of near two hundred miles. He had visited the clerk, who had given him scarcely any encouragement, and he was now waiting for him in a street near George's square, where he had promised to meet him in less than half-an-hour. But more than two hours had elapsed, and Sandy Wright, fatigued and melancholy, was sauntering slowly along the street, musing on his altered circumstances, when a gentleman, who had passed him with the quick, hurried step of a person engaged in business, stopped abruptly a few yards away, and returning at a much slower pace, eyed him steadfastly as he repassed. He again came forward and stood. "Are you not Mr Wright?" he enquired. "My name, sir, is Sandy Wright," said the boatman, touching his bonnet. The face of the stranger glowed with pleasure, and grasping him by the hand, he exclaimed, "often, often have I enquired after you, but no one could tell me where you resided, or whether you were living or dead. Come along with me: my house is in the next square. What! not remember me! ah, but it will be ill with me when I cease to remember you. I am Hamilton, an advocate—but you will scarcely know me as that."

The boatman accompanied him to an elegant house in George's square, and was ushered into a splendid apartment, where sat a young lady engaged in reading. "Who of all the world have I found," said the advocate to the lady, "but good Sandy Wright, the kind brave man who rescued me when perishing in the snow, and who was so true a friend to me when I had no friend besides." The lady welcomed the boatman with one of her most fascinating smiles, and held out her hand. "How happy I am," she said, "that we should have met with you. Often has Mr Hamilton told me of your kindness to him, and regretted that he should have no opportunity of acknowledging it." The boatman made one of his best bows, but he had no words for so fine a lady.

The advocate enquired kindly after his concerns, and was told of his dismissal from the Custom House, and made application on his behalf, keeping him in the meantime in his house, and treating him with the attentions of a son, in which he was joined by his lovely wife.

A fortnight passed away very agreeably to the boatman; but at length he began to weary sadly of what he termed the life of a gentleman. He sighed after his little smoky cottage, and the "poor auld wife." "Just remain with us one week longer," said the advocate, "and I shall learn in that time the result of my application. You are not now quite so active a man as when you carried me ten miles through the snow, and frightened the tall ferryman, and so I shall secure for you a passage in one of the Leith traders." In a few days after, the advocate entered the apartment, his eyes beaming with pleasure, and a packet in his hand. "This is from London," he said, as he handed it to his lady. "It intimates to us that one Alexander Wright, a custom-house boatman, is to retire from the service on a pension of twenty pounds per annum."

But why dwell longer on the story? Sandy Wright parted from his kind friends, and returned to Cromarty where he died in the spring of 1789, in the eighty-second year of his age. "Folk hae aye to learn," he used to say, "an for my own part, I was a sixty-year auld scholar afore I kent the meaning of the verse, 'Cast thy bread on the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days.'"

### THE WEEK.

#### PERSONAL PORTRAITS OF EMINENT MEN.

BARROW, THE CELEBRATED MATHEMATICIAN AND DIVINE.

THE sermons of this excellent man and accomplished scholar are still in great estimation. Many a time have we heard them read in our childhood, but we cannot speak to them from later knowledge. The humour and address manifested in the famous dialogue with Lord Rochester, here given, are exquisite:—

"Barrow (his biographers tell us) was low of stature, lean, and of a pale complexion, and negligent of his dress to a fault; of extraordinary strength, a thin skin, and very sensible of cold; his eyes grey, clear and somewhat short-sighted; his hair, a light brown, very fine, and curling. He was of a healthy constitution, very fond of tobacco, which he used to call his pan-pharmakon or universal medicine, and imagined it helped to compose and regulate his thoughts. If he was guilty of any intemperance, it seemed to be in the love of fruit, which he thought was very salutary. He slept little, generally rising in the winter months before day. His conduct and behaviour were truly amiable; he was always ready to assist others, open and communicative in his conversation, in which he generally spoke to the importance, as well as truth, of any question proposed; facetious in his talk upon fit occasions, and skilful to accommodate his discourse to different capacities; of indefatigable industry in various studies, clear judgment on all arguments, and steady virtue under all difficulties; of a calm temper in factious times, and of large charity in mean estate; he was easy and contented with a scanty fortune, and with the same decency and moderation maintained his character under the temptations of prosperity.

"Several good anecdotes are told of Barrow, as well of his great integrity, as of his wit, and bold intrepid spirit and strength of body. His early attachment to fighting, when a boy, is some indication of the latter; to which may be added the two following anecdotes: in his voyage between Leghorn and Smyrna, already noticed, the ship was attacked by an Algerine pirate, which, after a stout resistance, they compelled to sheer off, Barrow keeping his post at the gun assigned him to the last. And when Dr Pope in their conversation asked him 'Why he did not go down into the hold, and leave the defence of the ship to those to whom it did belong?' he replied, 'It concerned no man more than myself: I would rather have lost my life, than to have fallen into the hands of those merciless infidels.'

"There is another anecdote told of him, which showed not only his intrepidity, but an uncommon goodness of disposition, in circumstances where an ordinary share of it would have been probably extinguished. Being once on a visit at a gentleman's house in the country, where the necessary was at the end of a long garden, and consequently at a great distance from the room where he lodged; as he was going to it before day, for he was a very early riser, a fierce mastiff, that used to be chained up all day, and let loose at night for the security of the house, perceiving a strange person in the garden at that unusual time, set upon him with great fury. The Doctor caught him by the throat, grappled with him, and, throwing him down, lay upon him; once he had a mind to kill him; but he altered his resolution on recollecting that this would be unjust, since the dog did only his duty, and he himself was in fault for rambling out of his room before it was light. At length he called out so loud, that he was heard by

some of the family, who came presently out, and freed the Doctor and the dog from the danger they both had been in.

"Among other instances of his wit and vivacity, they relate the following rencontre between him and the profligate Lord Rochester. These two meeting one day at court, while the Doctor was King's Chaplain in ordinary, Rochester, thinking to banter him, with a flippant air and a low formal bow, accosted him with, 'Doctor, I am yours to my shoe-tie.' Barrow, perceiving his drift, returned the salute with, 'My Lord, I am yours to the ground.' Rochester on this, improving his blow, quickly returned it with, 'Doctor, I am yours to the centre;' which was as smartly followed up by Barrow with, 'My Lord, I am yours to the antipodes.' Upon which, Rochester, disdaining to be foiled by a musty old piece of divinity, as he used to call him, exclaimed, 'Doctor, I am yours to the lowest pit of hell;' upon which, Barrow, turning upon his heel, with a sarcastic smile, archly replied, 'There, my Lord, I leave you.'

### LANGUAGE AND ORTHOGRAPHY.

MY DEAR SIR,—Your zeal to maintain the purity of our language is my motive in writing to you. Yet I would rather any other should undertake the business, because nine in ten will honestly think me fantastical in my ideas on this subject; and the tenth, who does not think it, will politely acquiesce in their opinion; people are grown so candid, so open to conviction, so averse to dissent, so shy and coy with one person, so modest with the multitude. In my *Imaginary Conversations* I have been censured, I hear, for attempts at innovation in orthography. I never defend myself. I never answer, and seldom know of any remark against me; but I may vindicate the wisdom of my betters. I am unconscious that I have presumed to innovate in a single instance. I have followed my leaders at due distance through their grander scenery, setting up, at my own expense, a cross in those places where the traveller was likely to go astray, and more significantly where wanton violence had been committed against analogy.

At the Restoration of Charles II., something disorderly and slovenly was thought necessary to distinguish the man of fashion. Even the interjections were novel and affected. Whoever looks into the comedies of those times will discover at once the full meaning of this observation. Waller and indeed Cowley bore upon them some of the plague-spots in the general corruption; yet they appear to have been indifferent to the treatment their orthography was to experience from the press. Milton, and Jonson, and Spenser, were more solicitous about it. Spenser was not followed as an authority, because it was believed that he always wrote in the language of an earlier age,—which is not true; nor Milton and Jonson, because they were thought scholastic and pedantic. The reigns of William and Anne have been celebrated for the purification of our literature. I have not been able to discover any accession of strength or grace. What is beautiful in Addison and Steele exists not in the language itself, but in that which the language conveys. They are less correct, less fluent, less forcible, and less varied, than Dryden and than Cowley. Throughout the reigns of the two first Georges, innovation in the manners of men and the style of authors, was continued. Nobody wished to be thought a writer by profession: and those who wrote for their bread, ate it with more contentment and complacency for having displayed what appeared to them the carelessness of gentlemen. But carelessness is just as inconsistent with good breeding as with good writing: they rather incline to the opposite extreme, fastidiousness. A rare instance of propriety, in regard to style, was exhibited by Daniel de Foe. His powerful genius left him alone with Nature. I know not whether any human work is likely to produce so great an effect on the formation of character as 'Robinson Crusoe;' and the 'History of the Plague in London' is the only piece of history that the moderns can oppose to the ancients. It is deplorable that so mighty a mind should have been compelled by poverty to enter the ranks of party; and that the wisest minister who hath ever presided over the counsels of England should have undertaken the office of Paymaster

General to perverted pens. But, if Walpole gave sometimes to the unworthy, never has the obloquy been cast against him of turning the royal bounty from the worthy into the craws of domestic cravers. Totally free from the stupidity of pride, he had too much within him to be arrogant, and was too clear-sighted to be selfish; nevertheless, he left behind him a large fortune, and a name for political sagacity that will increase in proportion to the capacity of men for comprehending it. At present, it appears to be half covered by the mischievous gang of Lilliputians, partly under his own banners, and partly under his adversary's.

Is somebody pulling my skirts? Yes; and whispers that I am wandering from my proper object. It is Daniel de Foe! What says he? Believe me, sir, he has been entreating me to mention him in particular, lest he should be mistaken for Confucius. He tells me that the 'x' in his name is the very last thing belonging to him. He then adds, "and pray, out of christian charity, throw in a word for poor Robinson Crusoe." Amid all his mishaps, never "was he in more imminent danger."

Let us try, sir, what we can do. The artificial flowers are removed from the chimney-piece: let us bring fresh ones from the garden and the field. We have swept into another room the frippery of Gibbon, the inflexible plush that overloaded the distorted muscles of Johnson, and the broken trinkets, the inextricable inanities, the ancient dust and recent cobweb, of Harris and Monboddo. We come again into the open air and see Old England all around us. Thanks to Goldsmith! thanks to Southey! thanks in the highest Heavens to Charles Lamb! The *Essays of Elia* will afford a greater portion of pure delight to the intellectual and the virtuous, to all who look into the human heart for what is good and graceful in it, whether near the surface or below, than any other two prose volumes, modern or ancient. Deep as was the reading of Charles Lamb in the list of our early writers, and warm as was his admiration of them, he could not be unaware that a reference to them on many occasions might improve our style, and in some correct our orthography. For myself, since I cannot be a reformer, I would fain be a conservative. Now do not imagine, my dear sir, that you are hearing any well-known voice at Westminster; here I am, under Fiesole; yet even here my country, and particularly the best part of her, the language, interests me deeply. In my scanty reading, for scanty it has truly been of late, I find innovations in the spelling which displease me. Our authors appear to have left it entirely at the mercy of those who by more than courtesy are called *Printer's Devils*. The printers, I know not whether with any exception, surely have hired the idlest, the most ignorant, and the most presumptuous, for an office which requires accuracy, fidelity, and patience. This is not the case, I believe, in any other country. It is well when the errors of the press lead only to nonsense; generally they give sense perverted, sense different from the author's. I have remarked that we are more prodigal of our commas than other nations are, and that we always hedge round with them *perhaps, indeed, &c.* I find in all new books the word *wee* printed *wo*. We have ceased to have *toes* for many years, otherwise they too would be sadly cramped and curtailed.

Wishing you a fair riddance of all your *fo's*,

I am, my dear sir,

Yours, very truly,

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ATTENTION to our friend THOS. D.

Thanks to ARGUS; but does he not confound the two words, *parental* and *paternal*?

The wishes of Mr L. and Mr R. H. have been complied with.

The MS. of Mr J. F. shall be attended to.

In answer to two friendly readers, who have written to us respecting the merits of the late amiable Kirke White, we will refresh our acquaintance with his poems, and see whether we ought not to rate him higher than our memory had led us to do; for we had not forgotten him among the births that do honor to the blue-vested trade.

We shall at any time be glad to hear from Mr G. J. M., especially as an observer of his philosophic turn will not take it amiss, that in consequence of the overflow of matter under our new system, we must request him to be as brief in his communications as may not do them injustice.



# THE PRINTING MACHINE.

## NEW SHAKSPEARIANA.

*New Facts Regarding the Life of Shakspeare.* By J. Payne Collier, F.S.A. 8vo. Rodd. pp. 55.

It is, as has been remarked, one of the strongest proofs of the high, and especially of the essentially dramatic, nature of Shakspeare's genius, that in all his poetry he has told us so little of himself. Speaking of the proofs or promises of genius furnished by his earliest productions, Coleridge says ('*Biographia Literaria*,' vol. ii.), "I have found that where the subject is taken immediately from the author's personal sensations and experiences, the excellence of a particular poem is but an equivocal mark, and often a fallacious pledge, of genuine poetic power. We may perhaps remember the tale of the statuery, who had acquired considerable reputation for the legs of his goddesses, though the rest of the statue accorded but indifferently with ideal beauty; till his wife, elated by her husband's praises, modestly acknowledged that she herself had been his constant model. In the *Venus and Adonis*, this proof of poetic power exists even to excess. It is throughout as if a superior spirit, more inventive, more intimately conscious, even than the characters themselves, not only of every outward look and act, but of the flux and reflux of the mind in all its subtlest thoughts and feelings, were placing the whole before our view; himself meanwhile unparticipating in the passions, and actuated only by that pleasurable excitement, which had resulted only from the energetic fervour of his own spirit in so vividly exhibiting what it had so accurately and so profoundly contemplated. I think I should have conjectured from these poems, that even then, the great instinct which impelled the poet to the drama was secretly working in him." It is indeed this power of wholly forgetting and going out of himself, that constitutes the dramatist's distinguishing attribute. His very business is to cast off altogether his own feelings and passions, that he may successively enter into, and clothe himself with those of each character he brings upon the scene. For want of this power several writers of high poetical genius have either entirely failed as dramatists, or have only succeeded on the very narrow ground which the drama affords to the display of that egotistical propensity which is often the soul of other poetry. Milton and Byron may be mentioned as two remarkable examples. 'Both have written dramas; but of Milton's two, the '*Comus*' is merely a beautiful poem in dialogue, with almost nothing of the true dramatic character, and the '*Sampson Agonistes*' derives its chief inspiration from the principal personage being in fact the representative of the author himself. The tone even of Milton's epic poetry is throughout egotistical, that is to say, it constantly keeps you in recollection of the mighty writer as an individual; and in this respect it is strikingly contrasted with what (if we might take the liberty to coin a word) we would call the universalism of the Homeric poetry, in reading which the human artist is never thought of, but everything sounds like the voice of nature herself. There are some admirable observations upon this subject in the '*Specimens of Coleridge's Table Talk*' lately published. Byron, again, we need not remark, has in everything that he has written, by whatever name he calls it, drawn only one character—himself. He has presented sometimes one part of it, indeed, and sometimes another—and from this fragmentary delineation he has contrived to produce an outside semblance of variety; but the variety is really nothing more than the result of the writer's incapacity to present at any one time a complete whole. Shakspeare, for instance, would have given us '*Childe Harold*' and '*Don Juan*' in one; but that Byron could not do. He had so little of the peculiar dramatic faculty that, so far from being able to go out of himself into another being, he could not easily and

naturally pass from one to another of the phases of his own single character, and so comprehend and exhibit the whole in one picture. The drama is the highest region of poetry principally because it demands in the highest degree the exercise of this peculiar faculty, itself again plainly the highest exercise of the imagination, since it implies the most entire escape from and triumph over all the impediments of materialism and selfishness. But it requires to be united to other powers in order to form the great dramatist—to passion, to sensibility, to subtle apprehension of character and of the secret springs of conduct and events, in short, to that very intenseness of sympathy with all things human which would seem to be the thing of all others the most remote from its own spirituality and detachment from the bonds of personality and clay. It is the difficulty of this combination that makes the great dramatic poet the rarest and greatest of all poets.

Shakspeare has not only told us nothing of himself; so thoroughly dramatic, (that is, indifferent to self) was the character of his mind and nature, that he has not even left us the ordinary means of inferring or conjecturing the facts of his history. Of his wonderful works, after they had been produced, he seems to have taken no more care or thought than mother earth herself does of the herbage and flowers that spring from her bosom, and which she leaves to wither and die where they sprung. Had it depended upon himself, this, the most extraordinary man that ever lived, would actually have left the earth without leaving behind him any memorial of his existence. To others we are indebted for gathering up a few of those Sibylline leaves which he was wont to scatter around him to the winds. Even as it is, we cannot satisfactorily ascertain the time and the order of the appearance of those productions which we now place at the head of the world's literature. We have no text of any one of them which we are sure that the author himself revised as it was passing through the press. Many of them, there is every reason to believe, he never saw in print. How many others may be lost we know not. Thus, even that which makes in almost all other cases a sure portion of an author's biography, the history of his works, is, with the exception of a few conjectural and for the most part disputed dates, a blank here. And the works themselves, as we have said, precious as they are in other respects, convey not one tittle of information respecting the author. We cannot except even the Sonnets, at least till the mystery of their meaning be somewhat better cleared up. They rather puzzle, than inform us. Except merely his poetry, we possess nothing whatever of Shakspeare. His countenance, for instance, from the diversity of the several portraits, and the doubts that exist as to all of them, can hardly be said to be known to us. Of Milton's countenance, on the other hand, in accordance with the more egotistical character of his genius, we have representations at three or four different periods of his life, of unquestioned authenticity. Of the manuscripts of Milton, again, we have volumes; of the handwriting of Shakspeare we have not one line, save the last, probably, he ever traced, the half-illegible signatures to his will.

As for the incidents of his life, they were for the first time collected from tradition, about a century after his death, by Rowe, and to his meagre narrative, made up as it is in the greater part of what is fabulous or doubtful, scarcely anything has since been added. The chief thing that has been done by Shakspeare's more recent biographers has been to disprove or dispute what Rowe had advanced. So that now, with the exception, as we said before, of a few dates, the life of our great dramatist has been nearly all volatilized away into matter of scepticism at the best, if not of utter disbelief.

In a former work, the '*History of Dramatic Poetry and the Stage*,' Mr Collier gave to the world

several previously unknown particulars respecting Shakspeare, which he considered to rest on good evidence. He has since pursued his curious researches with great enthusiasm, and has been fortunate enough to discover a few additional facts, which he now communicates in a letter to Thomas Amyot, Esq., the Treasurer of the Society of Antiquaries. Only a very limited number of copies of the letter have been printed.

The principal source of his discoveries has been the manuscript collections of Lord Ellesmere, the Keeper of the Great Seal and Lord Chancellor in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. Lord Ellesmere's manuscripts are preserved at Bridgewater House; and Mr Collier was permitted to inspect them by the kindness of Lord Francis Egerton. "The Rev. H. I. Todd," he says, "had been there before me, and had classed some of the documents and correspondence; but large bundles of papers, ranging in point of date between 1581, when Lord Ellesmere was made Solicitor-General, and 1616, when he retired from the office of Lord Chancellor, remained unexplored, and it was evident that many of them had never been opened from the time when, perhaps, his own hands tied them together." Among these papers, "in a most unpromising heap," as he calls it, "chiefly of legal documents," the author found most of the new facts which he here announces. These we shall now proceed to notice in the order in which they are given.

Shakspeare, in all probability, came to London in 1586 or 1587, when he was in his twenty-second or twenty-third year. Although, however, there is reason to believe that he began to write for the stage so early as 1590 or 1591, no mention of his name in connection with the theatre had hitherto been discovered before 1596. The mention of him under that year occurs in a petition to the Privy Council, respecting the Blackfriars theatre, which was, for the first time, printed by Mr Collier in his former work. Among the Ellesmere papers, however, is a petition, addressed apparently to the Privy Council, and dated November 1589, in which Shakspeare appears as the twelfth in a list of sixteen persons, described as "all of them sharers in the Blackfriars Playhouse." "This information," says the author, "seems to me to give a sufficient contradiction to the idle story of Shakspeare having commenced his career by holding horses at the playhouse door; had such been the fact, he would hardly have risen to the rank of a sharer in 1589." So that we see the present contributor of '*New facts regarding the life of Shakspeare*' must also signalise himself, like his predecessors, by demolishing so much of the biography commonly received. Although we admit, however, that this new fact is of some weight in reference to the point on which he brings it to bear—that it

"may help to thicken other proofs  
That do demonstrate thinly,"

we do not think the reasoning quite so conclusive as Mr Collier conceives it to be. Shakspeare's rise in his profession was tolerably rapid after this, and we cannot be quite sure at what rate he may have advanced in the first instance also. In 1589, as we have seen, he was the twelfth of sixteen sharers in the theatre; in 1596, as appears by the other document printed by Mr Collier in his former work, he was the fifth of eight sharers; and, in 1603, he was second in a new patent granted by King James on his accession.

The next document which our author brings forward, is a paper which appears to have been drawn up in the course of a negotiation entered into with the Blackfriars Company by the Corporation of the City, who, after a series of unsuccessful attempts to shut up the play-house by the exercise of their municipal authority, had at last resorted to the plan of

buying up the interest of the several proprietors. This paper is an account of the claims made by the latter, and, although it seems to be without a date, is referred by Mr Collier (by inference, we suppose, from other papers found along with it), to the year 1608. One of the entries (the third) in this inventory, is as follows:—

"W. Shakspeare asketh for the wardrobe and properties of the same play-house, 500*l.*, and for his four shares, the same as his fellows, Burbage and Fletcher; viz. 933*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*"

"Hence, we learn," our author remarks, "that Shakspeare's property in the Blackfriars Theatre, including the wardrobe and properties, which were exclusively his, was estimated at more than 1400*l.* which would be equal to between 6000*l.* and 7000*l.* of our present money. Burbage was even richer, as the owner of what is called 'the fee' of the play-house, and perhaps he or his father had bought the ground on which it stood, as well as the building."

"Till now, all has depended upon conjecture, both as to the value of theatrical property generally in the time of Shakspeare, and as to the particular sum he may be supposed to have realised as an author of plays, and as an actor of them. Malone 'suspected that the whole clear receipt of a theatre was divided into forty shares' ('Shakspeare,' by Boswell, iii, 170), and proceeds to guess at the mode in which the money was distributed. Here we have positive proof that, at the Blackfriars at least, the profits were divided into twenty shares. Of these

Burbage had	4 shares,
Fletcher	3 shares,
Shakspeare	4 shares,
Hemmings	2 shares,
Condell	2 shares,
Taylor and Lowen	3 shares,
Four other Actors	2 shares.

"Burbage and Shakspeare, therefore, in the number of their shares, were upon equal terms: the former, as the owner of the fee, was probably paid the rent of the theatre; which I shall hereafter show, from a document of a subsequent date, was then 50*l.* per annum; and the latter, as the owner of the wardrobe and properties, no doubt obtained as large a sum for the use of them. Though they are only estimated at half the value of the fee, yet wear and tear is to be taken into the account. We are to presume that the materials for this statement were derived from the actors, and that they made out their loss as large as it could well be shown to be, with a view to gaining full compensation; but if each share produced on an average, or (to use the terms of the document) 'one year with another,' 33*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, the twenty shares would net an annual sum of 666*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*, or somewhat less than 3,400*l.* of our present money. Shakspeare's annual income, from the receipts at the Blackfriars theatre, without the amount paid him for the use of the wardrobe and properties, would therefore be 133*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* It is possible, however, that there might be a deduction for his proportion of the rent to Burbage, and of the salaries to the 'hired men,' who were always paid by the sharers. To this income would be to be added the sums he received for either new or altered plays. At about this date it appears that from 12*l.* to 25*l.* were usually given for new dramatic productions. Much would of course depend upon the popularity of the author.

"We have a right to conclude that the Globe was at least as profitable as the Blackfriars: it was a public theatre, of larger dimensions, and the performances took place at a season when, probably, playhouses were more frequented; if not, why should they have been built so as to contain a more numerous audience? At the lowest computation, therefore, I should be inclined to put Shakspeare's yearly income at 300*l.*, or not far short of 1,500*l.* of our present money. We are to recollect that, in 1608, he had produced most of his greatest works, the plausible conjecture being, that he wrote only five or six plays between that year and his final retirement from London. In what way, and for what amount, he previously disposed of his interest in the Blackfriars and Globe theatres, it is useless to attempt to speculate."

In another document, however, which is given immediately after, we have a warning that these estimates of the value of their property, by the players themselves, are not to be implicitly relied upon. This is a report on the value of this very theatre of Blackfriars, made by the Aldermen of the Ward, and two other magistrates, in 1633, when the Privy Council entertained the plan of removing the playhouse, and of making compensation to the parties. "It seems by this document," to borrow our author's words, "that the company first put a gross sum of 16,000*l.* upon the Blackfriars theatre and its appurtenances—that, being called upon for particulars, they advanced their claim to 21,990*l.*; but that the magistrates, extraordinary as it may seem,

subsequently reduced the whole demand to only 2900*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*" The magistrates state, too, that they had made this valuation "with their (the players) own consent."

Mr Collier's next document is merely an agreement, preserved among the Fines, at the Charter-house, Westminster, between Shakspeare and one Hercules Underhill, for the purchase, in 1603, by the former from the latter, of a messuage, with barn, granary, garden, and orchard, at Stratford-upon-Avon, for 60*l.*

The next document that is produced, is, if its genuineness, and the interpretation here put upon it, could be depended on, much more curious. It is a copy of a letter (marked "Copia Vera"), signed H. S., written on half a sheet of paper, and without direction or date; "but the internal evidence it contains," says Mr Collier, "shows that, in all probability, it refers to the attempt at dislodgment, made in the year 1608; and it was in the same bundle as the paper giving a detail of the particular claims of Burbage, Fletcher, Shakspeare, and the rest."

The initials, H. S., subscribed to this letter, Mr Collier considers to be those of Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, the early and constant patron of Shakspeare. The letter begins, "My very honoured Lord," and certainly has the appearance of having been addressed to Lord Ellesmere, in whose hands Mr Collier thinks there can be little doubt that the original was placed by Burbage or Shakspeare, when they waited upon him together. It is a warm recommendation of the Blackfriars players to the protection and good offices of his lordship, in consequence of their being "threatened," as the writer states, "by the Lord Mayor and aldermen of London, never friendly to their calling, with the destruction of their means of livelihood, by the pulling down of their play-house, which is a private theatre, and hath never given occasion of anger by any disorders." The bearers of the letter are described as "two of the chief of the company." Of Burbage, it is said, in Shakspeare's own well-known phrase, "that he is a man famous as our English Roscius, one who fitteth the action to the word, and the word to the action most admirably." The letter then proceeds: "The other is a man no whit less deserving favour, and my especial friend, till of late an actor of good account in the company, now a sharer in the same, and writer of some of our best English plays, which, as your lordship knoweth, were most singularly liked of Queen Elizabeth, when the company was called upon to perform before her Majesty at court, at Christmas and Shrovetide. His most gracious Majesty King James, also, since his coming to the crown, hath extended his royal favour to the company in divers ways, and at sundry times. This other hath to name William Shakspeare, and they are both of one county, and, indeed, almost of one town; both are right famous in their qualities, though it longeth not to your lordship's gravity and wisdom to resort unto the places where they are wont to delight the public ear. Their trust and suit now is, not to be molested in their way of life, whereby they maintain themselves and their wives and families (being both married, and of good reputation), as well as the widows and orphans of some of their dead fellows."

We have divested this letter of its antique spelling—and thus presented, it has to us, we confess, a most suspicious air of modern imitation. Is it possible, from the appearance of the manuscript, or the circumstances attending its discovery, that Mr Collier should, in this instance, have been deceived by a cunning forgery? Can any one have imposed upon his well-known enthusiasm, by throwing in his way another of those fabricated Shakspearian relics, by which so many of his brethren have ere now been taken in? Is it not strange, too, that a copy should have been taken of such a letter, which, whatever may be the interest attaching to it now, could scarcely, at the time when it was written, have been considered of much importance? Besides, is the signature that which Lord Southampton would have used?

Mr Collier himself, however, appears to have no doubt of the genuineness of the letter. He says, "When first I obtained permission to look through the Bridgewater MSS. in detail, I conjectured that it would

be nearly impossible to turn over so many state papers, and such a bulk of correspondence, private and official, without meeting with something illustrative of the subject to which I have devoted so many years; but I certainly never anticipated being so fortunate as to obtain particulars so new, curious, and important, regarding a poet who, above all others, ancient or modern, native or foreign, has been the object of admiration. When I took up the copy of Lord Southampton's letter, and glanced over it hastily, I could scarcely believe my eyes, to see such names as Shakspeare and Burbage in connection with a manuscript of the time. There was a remarkable coincidence, also, in the discovery, for it happened on the anniversary of Shakspeare's birth and death."

Our author's next documents are, an item in an original Entry Book of Patents and Warrants for Patents, kept by William Tuthill, "the riding clerk," containing lists of all that had passed the Great Seal, while it was in the hands of Lord Ellesmere, in 1609; and a draft, either for a patent or privy seal;—both relating to the licensing of Robert Daborne and others, "to bring up and practice children in plays, by the name of the children of the Queen's Revels, for the pleasure of her Majesty." In the draft, which is dated 4th of January 1609, Shakspeare is mentioned as the first of the three other persons whom it was proposed to associate with Daborne in this grant. Mr Collier seems to assume that it appears "on the face of the draft, that it was never carried into effect as far as regards Shakspeare;" but we must confess that we cannot perceive any evidence to that effect in the document as here given. It may, however, be true, as he afterwards remarks, that "there can be little doubt" that Shakspeare was not eventually one of Daborne's partners. "Then it may be asked," he proceeds, "how it happens that the name of Shakspeare is found in the draft? This answer may be given, and perhaps it is the true one:—That the destruction of the Blackfriars Theatre was about this date, or a very little earlier, contemplated; and that Shakspeare projected the transference of his interest, or part of it, to a different dramatic concern; because, although the Blackfriars is specifically mentioned, the words 'or elsewhere within our realm of England,' are added, so that the children of the Queen's Revels might, in fact, perform in any English Theatre. When, however, it turned out that the corporation of London could not succeed in their design of expelling the King's servants from the privileged precinct of the Blackfriars, Shakspeare might resolve, as long as he remained in London, to continue his old connexion, as we know that he did to the last."

Our author's last document relating to Shakspeare is a letter to Lord Ellesmere, from Samuel Daniel, the poet (author of 'The Civil Wars'), thanking his Lordship for his recent appointment to the office of Master of the Queen's Revels. This letter, which, like the other papers, is preserved at Bridgewater House, has no date; but, as Daniel's appointment took place on the 30th of January, 1603, it may be presumed to have been written very shortly afterwards. The writer says—"I cannot but know that I am less deserving than some that sued by other of the nobility unto her majesty for this room; if M. Drayton, my good friend, had been chosen, I should not have murmured, for sure I am he would have filled it most excellently; but it seemeth to mine humble judgment that one who is the author of plays now daily presented on the public stages of London, and the possessor of no small gains, and moreover himself an actor in the King's Company of Comedians, could not with reason pretend to be Master of the Queen's Majesty's Revels, forasmuch as he would sometimes be asked to approve and allow of his own writings. Therefore he, and more of like quality, cannot justly be disappointed, because, through your Honour's gracious interposition, the chance was haply mine."

There can be no doubt, we think, that Mr Collier is right in considering the portion of the above passage which we have printed in Italics, to refer to Shakspeare. The description, he remarks, could apply to no other person than a member of the King's Company of Players, except Shakspeare. Ben Jonson is known to have quitted the stage before the date to which the



letter must be assigned; and, besides, instead of being them "the possessor of no small gains," he appears to have been living in poverty upon one of his friends.

Such are the "new facts regarding the life of Shakspeare" with which Mr Collier has here favoured us. They are somewhat minute, it will perhaps be said; but here, to a lover of literary antiquities, the smallest accession to our previous knowledge is precious. The volume also, besides its contributions to the biography of Shakspeare, contains a great deal of curious information, which we have not been able to notice, respecting the plays, playhouses, players, and theatrical affairs generally, of the times with which it is occupied. The author, in these matters, has all the zeal of an apostle. "I shall offer no other apology," he thus addresses his brother antiquary, on concluding the detail of his discoveries, "for the length of this letter, than by saying that, if I had consulted my own inclination, I should have made it at least four times as long, by adding a great deal of other new matter relating to Shakspeare, his works, and his fellow dramatists and actors. I wish a few other people had half your knowledge of, and half your liking for such details; but perhaps, after all, you may only have a temporary escape." For our own parts, we shall be glad to hear whatever more Mr Collier may have to tell us, and that as soon as it shall suit his convenience.

#### MR BECKFORD'S NEW WORK.

*Recollections of an Excursion to the Monasteries of Alcobaca and Batalha.* By the Author of 'Vathek.' 1 vol. 8vo. London: Bentley.

We have been spell-bound while reading this remarkable book. We have felt as if we were in the presence of a potent magician, sneering at his own might, and yet every moment drawing wider and more impassable circles around us—every moment brightening the atmosphere on one side with more than oriental splendour, and darkening it on the other with worse than Cimmerian gloom, from which there is no possibility of escape or retreat. The relater of his own adventures, revels, and voluptuous enjoyments, stands forth at once like Solomon in his prime, at the height of pomp, pleasure, and luxury, and Solomon in old age and satiety, who has brought home the conviction to his void and desolate heart, that all these enjoyments, as everything else the beautiful world can give, are all vanity. After describing all the material luxuries of this life—the beauty and voluptuousness of women—the banquet where all the senses are gratified at the same time—the garden, grove, and bower, and the exquisite sleeping-chamber, where art and elegance have almost etherealized the grossness of corporeal enjoyments, he pauses for a moment to concentrate them all, and then turns round and sneers at them. This too, he does with a tact, a force, and an exquisiteness of language which were probably never surpassed. If that laughing devil Mephistopheles, who deceives others with the exhibition of earthly pleasures and pomp, could once be deluded by his own bait, the manner in which he would chuckle over the self-delusion might be an apt parallel to Mr Beckford's general tone of writing. He composed that wonderful eastern tale 'Vathek' in the days of his youth, drawing its dazzling and yet saddening materials from the mysterious mine of his own heart;—he has been a sort of Oriental Caliph, without the cares of a throne, ever since, and for a long time his enormous wealth allowed him to realize nearly every scene of eastern magnificence, ease, and luxury.

When Lord Byron in his introduction to 'Childe Harold,' spoke of the fulness of satiety—the Paphian girls that sang and smiled,—“the gathered revellers from far and near,”—and of “his goblets brimm'd with every costly wine,” he did very little more than draw from his imagination, for Byron was poor, and Newstead then, a bare and desolate place. But the halls of Cintra, the perfumed galleries of Mr Beckford's quinta of San José, saw, indeed, if reports speak truly, more than a realization of what the author of 'Childe Harold' only dreamed of, or what was only a poetical exaggeration of common enough revels.

There probably never was an Englishman (we suppose the fact, seeing in what it all ended, rather in pity than in envy) who to such ample means of gratifying it, united such a gusto, or what we may call such a genius for the enjoyment of pleasure. Apart from the more sordid gratifications, he loved and relished everything that was material and beautiful—the works of art, the works of nature, pictures and statues, flowers, trees, and gliding streams; but he loved all these things as a voluptuary, and glowed in the presence of lovely woods and rivers as if they were blooming hamadryades, or exquisitely delicate Naiades, whom he could fold in his arms and transfer to his own harem. But if this was voluptuousness, it was the very sublimity and perfection of the thing, and the fineness and fastidiousness of Mr Beckford's taste would have made him expire under a week's probation of the life led by young men of pleasure, commonly so called. We believe it is *Boniface* in the 'Beaux's Stratagem,' who, in speaking of a country squire of a century and a half ago, says, "Oh! he is a man of pleasure! he will smoke his pipe twelve hours at a time, and drink strong ale by the gallons!" As this squire stood at about the lowest point of a refined luxury, so did Mr Beckford stand at about the very highest. We will not take upon ourselves to determine which of the two might have the more egotistical heart, but Mr B.'s egotism is certainly as strongly displayed in the volume before us, as it was in his 'Travels in Spain, Portugal and Italy,' which we reviewed last year. Both these books are highly characteristic of the man, and both little more than variations upon the original theme, and a filling up of the half-angelic, half-demoniac harmony of the 'Caliph Vathek,' in which tale the way to hell lies over a mosaic pavement of luxuries and sneers, pleasures and sarcasms, and people move about in the hall of audience of his infernal majesty, as if they were in very good company, smiling and as much at their ease as courtiers at a merely mortal king's levée—only every man among them has his hand in his left breast, and underneath that hand his heart is burning with unquenchable fire.

We are sure nobody will take up the brief volume now more immediately under our notice without reading it to the end, or being haunted by its recollection long after reading it.

We need not point out the obvious moral our readers may derive from it, but, recommending it to their perusal, we will endeavour to give them some idea of the contents of the volume.

Being at Lisbon in the month of June of the year 1794 (*cheu! fugaces!* just forty-one years ago) Mr Beckford was warmly recommended to pay a visit to the monasteries of Alcobaca and Batalha, by the prince regent of Portugal, who appointed two voluptuous dignitaries of the church, the grand prior of Aviz, and the prior of St Vincent's, to be his conductors and companions. Accordingly at an early day, this well assorted trio set out on their journey, from Beckford's quinta or villa of San José, travelling in *dormerues* or the most convenient of carriages, and taking with them a complete army of attendants, most conspicuous among whom were the admirable, the divine Monsieur Simon, the English Caliph's French cook, Franchi, his confidant and pianofortist, and Ehrhart, his physician, who was to cure indigestions and mend broken bones, should any of the latter occur in traversing the rough roads of the interior.

High-bred led-horses for the saddle, both Arabian and English, followed close in the rear, and Franchi's well-packed and well-tuned piano went with him wherever he went. His companions, the rosy friars, though enormously rich for Portuguese, were poor compared with "England's wealthiest son;" yet did they almost rival him in the stateliness and completeness of their travelling appointments.

As my right reverend companions had arranged not to renounce one atom of their habitual comforts and conveniences, and to take with them their confidential acolytes and secretaries, as well as some of their favourite quadrupeds, we had in the train of the latter-mentioned animals a rare rabble of grooms, feradors, and mule-drivers. To these, my usual followers being added, we formed altogether a caravan which,

camels and dromedaries excepted, would have cut no despicable figure even on the route of Mecca or Mesched-Ali!

A page or two farther on Mr Beckford gives other details as to the plan of his luxurious journey—a plan which seems to have been adhered to with admirable precision.

"We were to proceed, or rather creep along, by short and facile stages; stopping to dine, and sup, and repose, as delectably as in the most commodious of homes. Everything that could be thought of, or even dreamed of, for our convenience or relaxation, was to be carried in our train, and nothing left behind but Care and Sorrow; two spectres, who, had they dared to mount on our shoulders, would have been driven off with a high hand by the Prior of St Vincent's, than whom a more delightful companion never existed since the days of those polished and gifted canons and cardinals who formed such a galaxy of talent and facetiousness round Leo the Tenth."

In this manner, eating and drinking of the best, reposing in the coolest and most picturesque spots, and taking their fill of every pleasure, this Anacreontic party, in four days, contrived to reach the regal monastery of Alcobaca, the burying-place of the ancient Kings of Portugal, where Pedro, surnamed the Just, after having indulged his grief and revenge almost beyond mortal limits, interred his beautiful wife Inez, who had been murdered by his father's orders. The gloom of these old recollections did not overcloud the arrival of our travellers.

"The first sight of this regal monastery is very imposing; and the picturesque, well-wooded and well-watered village, out of the quiet bosom of which it appears to rise, relieves the mind from a sense of oppression the huge domineering bulk of the conventual buildings inspires.

"We had no sooner hove in sight, and we loomed large, than a most tremendous ring of bells of extraordinary power announced our speedy arrival. A special aviso, or broad hint from the secretary of state, recommending these magnificent monks to receive the Grand Prior and his companions with peculiar graciousness, the whole community, including fathers, friars, and subordinates, at least four hundred strong, were drawn up in grand spiritual array on the vast platform before the monastery to bid us welcome. At their head the Abbot himself, in his costume of High Almoner of Portugal, advanced to give us a cordial embrace.

"It was quite delectable to witness with what cooings and comfortings the Lord Abbot of Alcobaca greeted his right reverend brethren of Aviz and St Vincent's—turtle-doves were never more fondlesome, at least in outward appearance. Preceded by these three graces of holiness, I entered the spacious, massive, and somewhat austere Saxon-looking church. All was gloom, except where the perpetual lamps burning before the high altar diffused a light most solemn and religious—(inferior twinkles from side chapels and chantries are not worth mentioning). To this altar my high clerical conductors repaired, whilst the full harmonious tones of several stately organs, accompanied by the choir, proclaimed that they were in the act of adoring the real Presence.

"Whilst these devout prostrations were performing, I lost not a moment in visiting the sepulchral chapel, where lie interred Pedro the Just and his beloved Inez. The light which reached this solemn recess of a most solemn edifice was so subdued and hazy, that I could hardly distinguish the elaborate sculpture of the tomb, which reminded me, both as to design and execution, of the Beauchamp monument at Warwick, so rich in fretwork and imagery.

"Just as I was giving way to the effecting reveries which such an object could not fail of exciting in a bosom the least susceptible of romantic impressions, in came the Grand Priors hand in hand, all three together. 'To the kitchen,' said they in perfect unison,—'to the kitchen, and that immediately; you will then judge whether we have been wanting in zeal to regale you.'

"Such a summons, so conveyed, was irresistible; the three prelates led the way to, I verily believe, the most distinguished temple of gluttony in all Europe. What Glastonbury may have been in its palmy state, I cannot answer; but my eyes never beheld in any modern convent of France, Italy, or Germany, such an enormous space dedicated to culinary purposes. Through the centre of the immense and nobly-groined hall, not less than sixty feet in diameter, ran a brisk rivulet of the clearest water, flowing through pierced wooden reservoirs, containing every sort and size of the finest river-fish. On one side, loads of game and venison were heaped up; on the other, vegetables and fruit in endless variety. Beyond a long line of stores extended a row of ovens, and close to them hillocks of wheaten flour whiter than snow, rocks of sugar, jars of the purest oil, and pastry in vast abundance, which a numerous tribe of lay brothers and their attendants were rolling out and puffing up into an hundred different shapes, singing all the while as blithely as larks in a corn-field.

"My servants, and those of their reverend excellen-

cies the two Priors, were standing by in the full glee of witnessing these hospitable preparations, as well pleased, and as much flushed, as if they had been just returned from assisting at the marriage at Cana in Galilee. 'There,' said the Lord Abbot, 'we shall not starve: God's bounties are great, it is fit we should enjoy them.' (By the bye, I thought this allegro, contrasted with the penseroso of scarecrow convents, quite delightful.)—'An hour hence supper will be ready,' continued the Lord Abbot; 'in the meanwhile, let me conduct you to your apartment.'

We cannot venture to quote the description of the monastic feasting and banqueting which followed in the splendid saloon, which was "covered with pictures, and lighted up by a profusion of wax-torches, in sconces of silver." It would be a tantalizing or an insulting of those who are condemned to plain beef and mutton. So thoroughly had these monks of Alcobaça refined on the art of ingeniously gormandizing, that they did not take their dessert in the same saloon where they ate their dinners. The extract which follows is curious in more ways than one:

"Confectionery and fruits were out of the question here; they awaited us in an adjoining still more spacious and sumptuous apartment, to which we retired from the effluvia of viands and sauces.

"In this apartment we found Franchi and the Grand Prior of Aviz's secretary, the Prior of St Vincent's acolyte, and ten or twelve principal personages of the neighbourhood, most eager to enjoy a stare at the stranger whom their lordly Abbot delighted to honour. The table being removed, four good-looking novices, lads of fifteen or sixteen, demure even to primness, came in, bearing cassioles of Goa filigree, steaming with a fragrant vapour of Calambac, the finest quality of wood of aloes.

"This pleasing ceremony performed, the saloon was cleared out as if for dancing. I flattered myself we were going to be favoured with a bolero, fandango, or perhaps the fofa itself,—a dance as decent as the ballets exhibited for the recreation of Muley Liezit, his most exemplary Maroccan Majesty. A crowd of clarionet and guitar players, dressed in silk dominoes like the serenaders in Italian burlettas, followed by a posse of young monks and young gentlemen in secular dresses as stiff as buckram, began an endless succession of the most decorous and tiresome minuets I ever witnessed, ten times longer, and alas! ten times less ridiculous, than even the long minuet at Bath.

"Tired to death of remaining motionless, and desirous of exhibiting something a little out of the common way, I gently hinted a wish to dance, and that I should have no objection were one of the three right reverend Priors to take me out. It would not do—they kept their state. Yawning piteously, I longed for the hour when it should become lawful to retire to bed; which I did right gladly when the blessed hour came, after good-nighting and being good-nighted with another round of ceremony."

The narrative of the time spent in this remarkable monastery, strikingly exhibits the author's inimitable vein of description, his humour, taste, and his passion for objects of *virtù*, and is well worthy of repeated perusal.

From Alcobaça the party travelled in 'the same pompous and luxurious manner to Batalha, another celebrated but much poorer monastery, at the distance of an easy day's journey; during which they all drank copiously of the wine of Aljubarota, "the perfumed, ethereal, divine Aljubarota!" compared with which Monsieur Simon swore the Clos de Vougeot of France was mere ditch-water. It was a fine moonlight night when they arrived in front of Batalha, within whose walls, among other illustrious dead, repose John the first of Portugal and his generous-hearted wife, Philippa—"linked hand in hand in death, as fondly as they were in life."

"My eyes being fairly open, I beheld a quiet solitary vale, bordered by shrubby hills; a few huts, and but a few, peeping out of dense masses of foliage; and high above their almost level surface, the great church, with its rich cluster of abbatial buildings, buttresses, and pinnacles, and fretted spires, towering in all their pride, and marking the ground with deep shadows that appeared interminable, so full and so wide were they stretched along. Lights glimmered here and there in various parts of the edifice; but a strong glare of torches pointed out its principal entrance, where stood the whole community waiting to receive us.

"Whilst our sumpter-mules were unloading, and ham and pies and sausages were rolling out of plethoric hampers, I thought these poor monks looked on rather enviously. My more fortunate companions—no wretched cadets of the mortification family, but the

true elder sons of fat mother church—could hardly conceal their sneers of conscious superiority. A contrast so strongly marked amused me not a little.

"The space before the entrance being narrow, there was some difficulty in threading our way through a labyrinth of panniers, and coffers, and baggage,—and mules, as obstinate as their drunken drivers, which is saying a great deal, and all our grooms, lackeys, and attendants, half asleep, half muddled.

"The Batalha Prior and his assistants looked quite astounded when they saw a gauze-curtained bed, and the Grand Prior's fringed pillow, and the Prior of St Vincent's superb cover-lid, and basins, and Jewels, and other utensils of glittering silver, being carried in. Poor souls! they hardly knew what to do, to say, or be at—one running to the right, another to the left—one tucking up his flowing garments to run faster, and another rebuking him for such a deviation from monastic decorum.

"At length, order being somewhat established, and some fine painted wax tapers, which were just unpacked, lighted, we were ushered into a large plain chamber, and the heads of the order presented by the humble Prior of Batalha to their superior mightinesses of San Vicente and Aviz. Then followed a good deal of gossiping, endless compliments, still longer litanies, and an enormous supper.

"One of the monks who partook of it, though almost bent double with age, played his part in excellent style. Animated by ample potations of the very best Aljubarota that ever grew, and which we had taken the provident care to bring with us, he exclaimed lustily, 'Well, this is as it should be—rare doings! such as we have not witnessed at Batalha since a certain progress that great king, John the Fifth, made hither more than half a century ago. I remember every circumstance attending it as clearly as though it had taken place last week. But only think of the atrocious impudence of the gout! His blessed Majesty had hardly sat down to a banquet ten times finer than this, before that accursed malady, patronized by all the devils in hell, thrust its fangs into his toe. I was at that period in the commencement of my novitiate; a handsome lad enough, and had the much envied honour of laying a cloth of gold cushion under the august feet of our glorious sovereign. No sooner had the extremities of his royal person come in contact with the stiff embroidery, than he roared out as a mere mortal would have done, and looked as black as a thunder-storm; but soon recovering his most happy benign temper, gave me a rouleau of fine, bright, golden coin, and a tap on the head—ay, on this once comely, now poor old shrivelled head. Oh, he was a gracious, open-hearted, glorious monarch,—the very King of Diamonds, and Lord of Hearts! Oh, he is in Heaven, in Heaven above! as sure—ay, as sure as I drink your health, most esteemed stranger.'

"So saying, he drained a huge silver goblet to the last drop, and falling back in his chair, was carried out, chair and all, weeping, puling, and worse than drivelling, with such maudlin tenderness that he actually marked his track with a flow of liquid sorrows."

That night our caliph was not disposed to sleep: a jumble of ideas and recollections fermented in his brain, springing, in part, from the indignant feelings which Donna Francesca's fervour for the monk of Alcobaça, and her coolness for himself, had inspired. Owing to this wakefulness, he heard something which strikingly contrasted with the maudling of the drunken friar at the supper-table.

"Seating myself in the deep recess of a capacious window which was wide open, I suffered the balsamic air and serene moonlight to quiet my agitated spirits. One lonely nightingale had taken possession of a bay-tree just beneath me, and was pouring forth its ecstatic notes at distant intervals.

"In one of those long pauses, when silence itself, enhanced by contrast, seemed to become still deeper, a far different sound than the last I had been listening to, caught my ear,—the sound of a loud but melancholy voice echoing through the arched avenues of a vast garden, pronouncing distinctly these appalling words—'Judgment! judgment! tremble at the anger of an offended God! Woe to Portugal! woe! woe!'

"My hair stood on end—I felt as if a spirit were about to pass before me; but instead of some fearful shape—some horrible shadow, such as appeared in vision to Eliphaz, there issued forth from a dark thicket, a tall, majestic, deadly-pale old man; he neither looked about nor above him; he moved slowly on, his eye fixed as stone, sighing profoundly; and at the distance of some fifty paces from the spot where I was stationed, renewed his doleful cry, his fatal proclamation:—'Woe! woe!' resounded through the still atmosphere, repeated by the echoes of vaults and arches; and the sounds died away, and the spectre-like form that seemed to emit them retired, I know not how or whither. Shall I confess that my blood ran cold—that all idle, all wanton thoughts left

my bosom, and that I passed an hour or two at my window fixed and immovable."

The next morning the mystery was explained by the Prior of Batalha. For the better understanding of it our readers should be reminded that some thirty years before, a plot against Government, in which some of the high nobility and the monks of the order of St Ignatius (the Jesuits), were implicated, was discovered, or was pretended to have been discovered, and that this led to the perpetration of execrable cruelties, commanded by Pombal the prime minister and the Queen, whose remorse afterwards drove her mad. At the time of Mr Beckford's visit to Batalha, the first French revolution was running its career of atrocities; every despatch from France received in Portugal, was full of frightful intelligence, and every throne in Europe seemed threatened with destruction. The storm did not then reach the house of Braganza, but twelve years later it burst over their heads, and drove those princes into exile across the Atlantic. We now come to the Prior's explanation:—

"The being who uttered these dire sounds is still upon the earth, a member of our convent—an exemplary, a most holy man—a scion of one of our greatest families, and a near relative of the Duke of Aveiro, of whose dreadful, agonizing fate you must have heard. He was then in the pride of youth and comeliness, gay as sunshine, volatile as you now appear to be. He had accompanied the devoted Duke to a sumptuous ball given by your nation to our high nobility. At the very moment when splendour, triumph, and merriment were at their highest pitch, the executioners, of Pombal's decrees, soldiers and ruffians, pounced down upon their prey; he too was of the number arrested—he too was thrown into a deep, cold dungeon; his life was spared; and in the course of years and events, the slender, lovely youth, now become a wasted, care-worn man, emerged to sorrow and loneliness.

"The blood of his dearest relatives seemed sprinkled upon every object that met his eyes; he never passed Belem without fancying he beheld, as in a sort of frightful dream, the scaffold, the wheels on which those he best loved had expired in torture. The current of his young, hot blood was frozen; he felt benumbed and paralysed; the world, the court, had no charms for him; there was for him no longer warmth in the sun, or smiles on the human countenance: a stranger to love or fear, or any interest on this side the grave, he gave up his entire soul to prayer; and to follow that sacred occupation with greater intenseness, renounced every prospect of worldly comfort or greatness, and embraced our order.

"Full eight-and-twenty years has he remained within these walls, so deeply impressed with the conviction of the Duke of Aveiro's innocence, the atrocious falsehood of that pretended conspiracy, and the consequent unjust tyrannical expulsion of the order of St Ignatius, that he believes—and the belief of so pure and so devout a man is always venerable—that the horrors now perpetrating in France are the direct consequences of that event, and certain of being brought home to Portugal, which kingdom, he declares, is foredoomed to desolation, and its royal house to punishments worse than death."

We had marked for extract several other splendidly written passages—particularly two or three descriptions of the gothic interior of the church, vaults, and Monastery of Batalha, but we can spare no more room, and have already given enough to enable our friends to judge of this extraordinary book.

Mr Beckford soon left Batalha for the wealthier and more luxurious Alcobaça, whence he returned with much the same state that he went, and in much the same humour; now describing a sumptuous dinner—now a sublime scene;—at one moment pouring forth the loftiest eloquence, and in the next indulging in withering sarcasm.

On the twelfth day after his departure from his quinta of San José he arrived at Queluz, in which royal palace he describes circumstances and a scene that would have suited the Hall of Eblis. We leave off the book, as we began it, by thinking of Vathek!

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